CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

ANIMALS ARE EASILY MADE

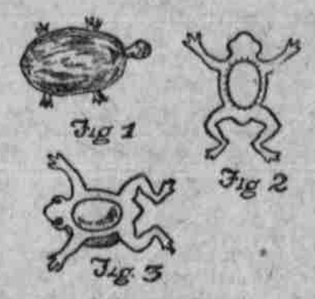
Imitations of Pretty Little Pets May Be Put Together Out of Raisin and Few Cloves.

(By MYRTLE T. IRONS.)

I know that many of my playfellows have all sorts of pretty pets—cats, dogs, birds, and many others of which they are very fond, so I am sure they will be interested in hearing how to make imitation animals out of quite simple materials.

Let us take the turtle, for instance. Get a big prune or raisin and flatten it down with your fingers. Now stick four cloves (which must also be begged from mother's pantry) in it for the legs, and another one for the head—and, hey presto! you will have a most realistic looking turtle which may be pulled along by a thread. (Fig. 1.)

A frog also is simple to make, but must be put together in a somewhat different manner. First of all cut his



Imitation Pets.

shape out of paper which has been colored a greenish grey, and paste this onto an egg shell. (Figs. 2 and 3.) The slightest breath of air will make him wriggle in a most lifelike manner.

WHY HORSE DISLIKES CAMEL

Disapproves From Bottom of His Nature of Hopelessly Vulgar and Awkward Animal of Desert.

Animals have their likes and dislikes as well as men, and they are quite as hard to explain.

A cat naturally dislikes and fears a dog. The elephant hates mice and dogs. Horses loathe camels, and will not stay in the same block with them if they can help it.

It is hard to give a cause for these aversions. Why should the horse dislike the harmless camel and be fond of the dog?

It must be that the horse has a dormant sense of beauty and of humor. The ideal of the horse is grace, combined with strength. He disapproves from the bottom of his nature of the hopelessly vulgar, awkward and unesthetical camel. The bear, he sees at once, though clumsy, is unpretentious, truthful and not devoid of a sense of humor. The dog he recognizes as a good fellow, companionable and unselfish. A strong bond between the dog and the horse is that they are both fond of sport, whereas a camel would not go an inch to see the best race that was ever run.

Birds Woo With a Dance.

In tropical South America, and on some of the islands in the Pacific, is found the beautiful bird known as the jacana, narrates Harper's Weekly. It is famous for its so-called love dance, which is executed by the males to increase the admiration of the female birds. When the mating season approaches the jacana will single out its favorite lady and try to win the admiration of the attentive female with all its bewitching maneuvers. In the dance the wings are spread and worked in such a manner that the beautiful colored feathers produce a brilliant effect.

Size of the Stone.

Little Ferd was telling his father about a peculiar stone he had found while at play in the back yard.

"How big was it?" asked his father.

"Oh, about as big as a good sized small apple," replied Fred.

BOBBY'S POCKET.

Our Bobby is a little boy of six years old or so;
And every kind of rubbish in his pocket he will stow.

One day he thought he'd empty it (so he again could stock it);
And here's an alphabet of what was found in Bobby's pocket.

A was a rosy Apple, with some bites out here and there;
B was a bouncing rubber Ball that bounded in the air.

C was a crispy, crusty Cake, with citron on the top;
D was a dancing Donkey that could jump around and hop.

E was a little robin's Egg, all speckled blue and brown;
F was a fluffy Feather that was white and soft as down.

G was a lively Grasshopper, whose legs and wings were green;
H was a grimy Handkerchief that once perhaps was clean.

I was a plaster Image that had lost its plaster head;
J was a jolly Jumping Jack all painted blue and red.

K was a keen and shining Knife, 'twould cut the toughest bark;
L was a little wooden Lion, strayed out of Noah's Ark.

M was a Marble, large and round, with colors bright and clear;
N was a bent and rusty Nail, of little use, I fear.

O was a tiny Oil Can, which was always upside down;
P was a Penny Bob had saved to spend some day in town.

Q was a quilted ear tab, which had lost its velvet mate;
R was a Ring with glassy gem of wondrous size and weight.

S was a String, a piece of Soap, a Stone, a Sponge, a Stick;
T was a lump of Taffy, exceeding soft and thick.

U, an umbrella handle of silver-mounted horn;
V was a comic Valentine, a little creased and worn.

W was some sticky Wax, lovely to pinch and mould;
X was an old Xpress, worn out in every fold.

Y was a lot of Yellow Yarn, all bunched up like a mop;
Z was a jagged piece of Zinc, found in a plumber's shop.

All these are Bob's possessions; he loves each single thing;
And owning all these treasures he's as happy as a King!

—Carolyn Wells, in Little Folks.

MAGIC SQUARE IS CURIOUS

Columns, Perpendicular, Horizontal or Diagonal, All Add Up 369—Another Peculiarity.

Here is a curious magic square, the columns of which—horizontal, perpendicular and diagonal—all add up 369,

42	34	26	18	1	74	66	58	50
59	44	36	19	11	3	70	65	60
62	54	37	29	21	13	5	78	70
72	55	47	39	31	23	15	7	80
73	65	57	49	41	33	25	17	9
2	75	67	59	51	43	35	27	10
12	4	77	69	61	53	45	28	20
22	14	6	79	71	63	46	38	30
32	24	16	8	81	64	56	48	40

Curious Magic Square.

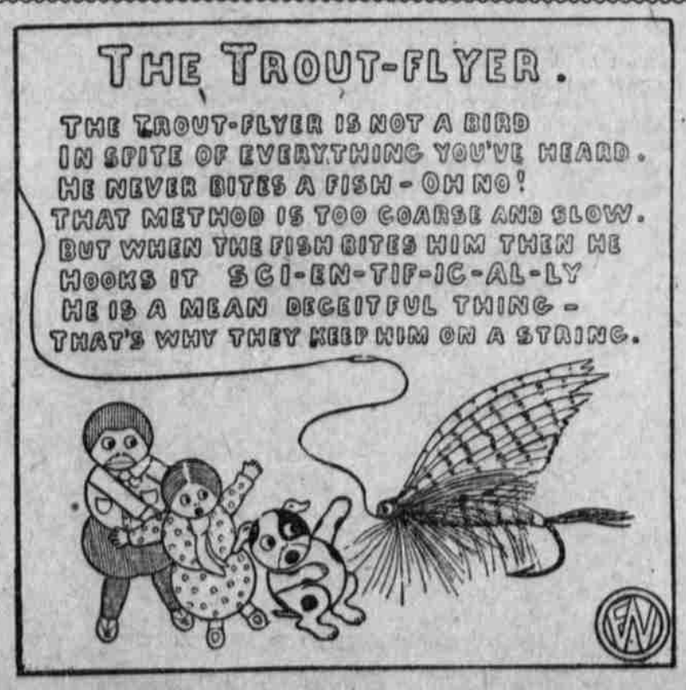
but which has the further peculiarity that all of the odd numbers are placed within the inscribed diagonal squares.

Lucky Coins.

Recently there was sold by auction the great collection of Greek coins made by F. S. Benson of Brooklyn during the past fifteen years. Some of the coins sold for marvelous prices. The record price of $3,500 was paid for a tetradachma of Katana, which had been purchased by Mr. Benson in 1903. A tetradrachma of Amphipolis, which realized half that amount, had cost its late owner $1,500. A Terina stater, which had been purchased for $200, realized $1,500.

The Girl Beat.

At a county fair held in Massachusetts, a prize of $25 was offered to the victor in a pony race. Nine boys and one girl entered for the event, and the girl came out so far ahead that some of the boys rode off the grounds in disgust. Perhaps we may see the day when a girl will beat a boy throwing stones at a mark or outrunning him in a foot race.



A Lack of Temperament

BY M. J. PHILLIPS

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Faith, Langstroth, we were lucky to get that girl," nodded Junius Brutus Fitzmaurice.

They were standing in the wings of the Butteville opera house, the manager of the Singing Princess company, who also did "heavy," and Billy Langstroth, the comedian. There was a rehearsal on. The opera house, of course, was cold. Both men wore the hallmark of regularity and prosperity among "troupers"—long overcoats with fur collars.

Despite his round, cherubic face and the upward quirk at the corners of his comical mouth, Billy Langstroth was, like most comedians, an incorrigible pessimist. Now he thrust a pudgy thumb into each pocket of his fancy waistcoat and replied gloomily: "I don't think so, Junie."

"And why?" rumbled Fitzmaurice, in his deepest chest tones. "Look at her now, facing the footlights like a Bernhardt. She makes up well; doesn't know what stage fright is.

Trixie MacGowan made a pretty picture on the stage of the dim, cold theater. She spoke her lines clearly and correctly, without tremor and without boldness—quite in keeping with the character of the girlish princess. The orchestra struck up the preliminary bars and she launched into the "Welcome Song."

Trixie MacGowan did not have a great voice, but she did have a good one. It was clear and full and flexible. Langstroth listened with grudging admiration until she had finished, then he trotted out to yammer through his "business" with the juvenile and trotted back out of the way of the chorus. He took up the conversation with the manager just where he had left off.

"What you say is true, Junie," he agreed, "but—she's an amateur."

Fatal words on the stage! But they did not disconcert Fitzmaurice. He pinched his gaunt upper lip reflectively between thumb and forefinger, and nodded slowly. "True, Langstroth, an amateur, yes. But an amateur with traditions. She is a cousin of Jennie McHenry, you know."

"Being Jennie's cousin don't make her one of us, Junie," returned the comedian, stubbornly. "She hasn't the artistic temperament."

"Tush, tush, William!" Fitzmaurice dropped to his chest tones again. "With such a voice, and the stage sense she has displayed, and Jennie McHenry her cousin! Tush, tush!"

"Well, look at her now! You never saw that smile on the face of one of our people. You'd think she'd just wandered in from out front. She knows the company's mad and jealous because you went outside for a princess when Madeline Macauley was taken sick. The women, from the last chorus girl up to Toinetta, gave her a dab with their claws every chance they get.

"She doesn't dab back, Junie. It's part of the show to her. She's one of the audience still. They can't make her angry, because she feels she's above them. She's not one of us. She's an outsider."

"I' faith, William, you're the wet blanket!" Fitzmaurice smiled, benignantly. "You are but giving a sop to fate. You feel we were too lucky in getting such a girl."

"She won't finish the season with us," persisted Langstroth. "She hasn't the temperament, I tell you."

"And that newspaper chap from her home town will be along some day to carry her off. He made me give him our route. She writes to him every day."

"Tush, William," smiled the manager again.

"Bet you five dollars a week on my salary she leaves before the season is over!" challenged the comedian. "You pay me five more from now on if she goes; you cut me five if she stays."

"Done!" boomed Fitzmaurice.

Trixie MacGowan went on her serene way with "The Singing Princess." That she should jump from private life to the lead in a good second-class road company was not a matter of marveling, though she knew many chorus girls and minor actresses had slaved for years without attaining such eminence. That was as it should be; they couldn't all be Trixie MacGowan. They had not been the prettiest girls in their home towns; they did not have a good soprano voice.

Leading roles in amateur theatricals had come to Trixie as a matter of course ever since she was in pinafores. So a regular lead on the real stage was nothing to cause comment or undue excitement.

She regarded actors as queer and amusing people. In her mind the Singing Princess company was always "they"—never "we." The men were egotistical poseurs, most diverting when they tried to make love to her; the women loudly dressed cats whose jealousy was childishly impotent.

"Trouping" was a lark, like camping out in summer. She made light of the poor beds, the indifferent meals and the early trains, as she had made light of camp discomforts. Stage door "Johnnies," who formed so large a part of the lives and thoughts of the other girls, were to her merely ridiculous incidents.

The most important thing in this wandering life was the daily letter from Jerry Valentine, back in dear old Arcadia.

Jerry's vague, mysterious hint that he might drop in on her some night was frequently reiterated and proved really exciting. Jerry had been a good friend—a very good friend—back home.

They had been a month on the road and were looping back toward the east when Jerry came. It was a mild, starlit night in spring. Trixie's blood was stirring expectantly when she strolled to the theater.

She knew the cause of that delightful unrest when the curtain went up. Jerry was in the right hand lower box.

Trixie never did better than she did that night in Mellonsburg. They all admitted it afterward. There was a soft, suppressed fire in her acting and singing which brought the audience forward in their seats and caused that little, breathless hush, so dear to the heart of the actor, between her closing notes and the thunderous volleys of applause.

There was the usual crowd of "Johnnies" about the stage door when it was all over. Jerry was among them, standing modestly back near the arc that lighted the brick-paved court. His eyes quickened at sight of her.

A man stepped out of the smirking throng. He was in evening dress. The other mashers shrank back.

He took Trixie by the arm. "Oh, you kid!" he said, with thick geniality. "Come on fr a time with yer Uncle Dud. Muh car's out here."

Anger and dislike were mirrored in her face as she twisted out of his grasp. "Let me alone!" she said, trembling.

The masterful masher regarded her a moment in ugly silence. Then he said, deliberately, with an oath: "Say, kid, yuh can't put anything over on me! Cut it out, an' come along. Why, you ain't nothin' but an actress!"

"Jerry!" she called, faintly. "Oh, Jerry!"

Jerry was already there. He whirled the big young man around with his left hand. The nails of his right hand were cutting into the palm.

"An actorine friend, eh?" sneered the big man. Jerry, swinging viciously, struck him in the mouth.

A policeman sauntered out of the shadow when the fight was over, and laid a friendly hand on Jerry's shoulder.

"Better beat it, sport," he murmured. "That guy," he nodded to where the masher, half-unconscious, slumped against the wall, "is the brother of the chief of police. You ought t' have a vote of thanks for trimmin' him, but they'll soak you if you don't make a getaway."

"Our train leaves for Pierceville in half an hour," volunteered Fitzmaurice, who had been, like his company, a witness of the battle. "Take Miss Trixie, young sir, and hurry to the station. We'll look after her baggage."

"We're not going to Pierceville," panted Jerry. "No more such stunts as this. We're going back to Arcadia—to get married. Come on, dearie!" He drew the girl's hand through his arm and turned away.

"Oh, Jerry!" they heard her say, in heartbroken accents, a world of shame in her voice, "did you hear him? He said I was nothing but—but an actress!"

Billy Langstroth looked significantly at the manager. "I told you she didn't have the temperament, Junie!" he crowed.

Parental Authority.

At the International Congress of Child Welfare, held in Washington a short time ago, one of the speakers said the fault of letting a child do as it pleases is responsible for corruption, dishonesty, vice and the low standards of citizenship that prevail in many quarters. Parental authority is taking a back seat these days. And what has taken its place? Just look at the blandishments around. They have pushed the parent aside—the shows, the sports, the street corners, the flashy novels, the cigarette and the obscene picture and story.

Wouldn't it be well, while we are figuring on great reforms, that parental authority be one of them? That is just as important as fresh air, the playground or the individual drinking cups. In fact, when parental authority goes, everything goes. We must not make a mistake as to what parental authority is. It is not a club or a straitjacket. It is the child's moral and emotional activities, trained in the right direction by the love and association of the parent. It is the salvation of both parent and child.—Ohio State Journal.

System.

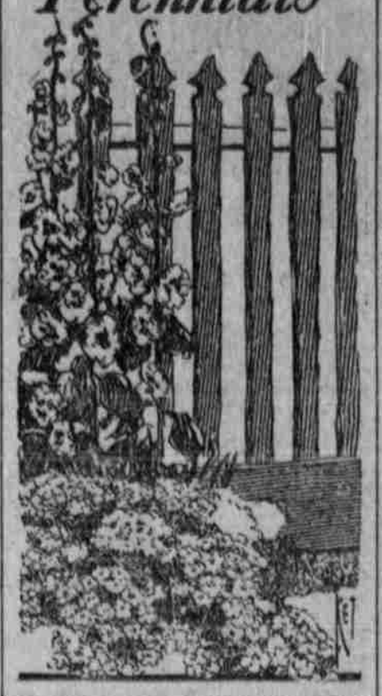
"Polter's whole life appears to be governed by system."

"I should think that would be a good way."

"But it has grown so strong that it masters him. He always takes a seat in a street car now, if possible, behind a person who is reading a newspaper."

The Onlooker by Wilbur D. Nesbit

Perennials



Here they come a-peeping out as green and clean and fair
As though they never felt the frost in last November's air—
Sweet williams and the hollyhocks, forgetmenots and all
The sturdy, steady flowers that have heard the waking call;
We find them where they always were—they smile right up at you
With friendliest of welcomes in their quiet "How-d'yedo!"

So common and so hardy that we do not realize
The goodness and the gladness that they spread before our eyes;
We saw them wither in the fall, we saw them droop and fade,
We saw their petals made a sport of all the winds that played—
And yet they shoulder up today, each in its wonted place
With unassuming courage and with unconsidered grace.

We dig and rake and plant the seed for other timid blooms
That linger for their little while and shed their dim perfumes,
But these old garden commoners—they ask no special care;
They only claim what they may have of sun and rain and air,
And in their season bring their wealth of blossoms all demure—
They are the half unnoticed ones of whose faith we are sure.

And there be folk—perennial folk—the kind that speak and smile
In friendly wise, and bring contentment with them all the while;
But sometimes we may turn aside, as for a rarer kind,
Because acquaintance makes us to the common virtues blind.
Yet when the fair exotics shrink and wither into dust
We find the sturdy, common friends still giving us their trust.

True to the Last.

"I have tried to do my duty as I saw it," sighed the magazine editor, smiling wanly as the nurse adjusted the pillow under his head.

"Don't exert yourself too much," begged the members of the staff who had gathered about him to say farewell.

"I will not. But before I pass on, I want to say that though my name shall be recorded in oblivion and things will go on much as they are now, in spite of my absence from this sphere of effort, I have at least been consistent in my direction of the magazine. I call you all solemnly to witness that never, never, never have I run a football story in the November number. Never did we have a football story in which the beautiful heiress sat in the grandstand and cheered her sweetheart until he could run 200 yards in spite of a broken leg, a dislocated shoulder and a lost ear, thereby winning the game and her true young heart."

With tears of confirmation the staff nodded.

"And," the dying editor went on faintly, "I want my last words to be remembered. In spite of all temptation, I have steadily and steadfastly refused to print articles on the scientific side of baseball in the May number. I've printed Christmas poems and articles on woman suffrage and diaries of polar explorers, but, my friends, I go into the hereafter with my conscience clear on these two points, at least."

It was all over, and as the sorrowing staff left the room one of them took from his pocket the proofs of an article on "Long Distance Signaling in Baseball and the Ultimate Utility of the Aeroplane in the National Sport."

Straightened History.

"These," said the Roman matron pointing to her jewels, "these are my children."

Raising their eyebrows, the committee on statistics stalked from the palace.

"With such an exhibit as this," muttered the chairman of the committee "it seems to me that our arguments on race suicide will be well substantiated."

Convenient.

"Mr. Spuddsgott," asks the bailiff, "can you appear as a witness tomorrow in the case of that man who is accused of stealing your umbrella?"

"Let me see," muses Mr. Spuddsgott. "Yes, it will be convenient for me to be at the court house tomorrow as I find that I have to go there anyhow to swear off my taxes."

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

POULTRY

RHODE ISLAND RED CHICKENS

Kentucky Experiment Station Finds More Good Qualities Than in Any Other Breed.

We have just closed a series of experiments extending over a period of two years with 100 Rhode Island Red hens. Rhode Island Reds are a comparatively new chicken, having only been admitted to the "Standard" by the American Poultry association in

Rhode Island Red.

February, 1904, but as a result of the experiments conducted at this station we have no hesitation in saying that they have more practical good points combined with fewer undesirable qualities than any other chicken. They are: Broilers at seven weeks; fryers at nine weeks; layers at 20 weeks.

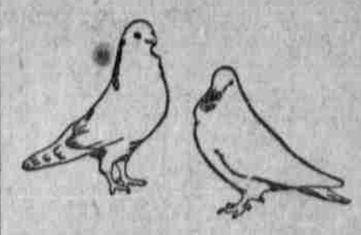
When full grown, Rhode Island Red hens average nine to thirteen pounds each and cocks nine to thirteen pounds. They are big red birds with brown beaks, red eyes and smooth yellow legs. The males are a rich cherry red and the hens a lighter shade of red. They have the laying qualities of the Leghorn, the vitality of the Malay Game and the heavy coat of feathers peculiar to the Cochin, but with bare legs.

Their color does not show soil. They are a desirable table fowl at any age, having oblong bodies, wide, deep, full plump breasts and yellow skin. They mature early, are very hardy and will stand severe winters and continue laying. They are good hustlers and bug hunters and require less feed than common chickens. They lay big brown eggs, are enthusiastic sitters and excellent mothers, although at the same time they are easily broken from sitting when desired. They are free from disease and with their wonderful laying qualities, especially in winter are the ideal farmer's fowl. The census statistics of 1909 show the average yield per hen throughout the United States is only 120 eggs annually. The experiments at this station have shown conclusively that Rhode Island Reds can be depended upon to lay from 190 to 210 eggs per hen and as they cost no more to raise than the old varieties, it would seem to be a logical conclusion that poultry raisers would do well to devote their attention to this wonderful new chicken.—Horse Cave (Ky.) Experiment Station.

RAISE SQUABS AS SIDE LINE

Industry Can Be Made Quite Profitable With Proper Management—Start With Pure Breed.

An advertisement lately for a bunch of common pigeons is a good illustration of the way some people get into the squab business the right way. Any person who starts squab raising for profit with common pigeons leaves behind all chance for success. Imagine a breeder starting with a small-bodied bird as the common pigeon for market breeding, when the market to date is demanding a nine and ten-pound-to-the-dozen squab! Even when there is a scarcity of squabs the common pigeon is a poor seller, and when the offerings increase there is no demand for such stock. It is just this kind of novice that is responsible for "knocking" the squab industry, and also the reason for some of the failures.



Pair of Homers.

Many try to put the squab business in the same questionable class as the Belgian hare and others, but even that animal had to suffer for many things human beings were responsible for. It is a sure thing that the squab business as a side line to poultry will give good returns when business ideas and methods are applied. There are many who have been at it for years, and, while not making a big cry over results, keep right at it year after year, saying but little, but surely getting good results. Americans are not in the habit of continuing any losing venture many years.